2-86.

Looks like Jay Kennedy is hot to finish up his revision of the guide, THE DIRECTORY OF ALTERNATIVE COMIC BOOKS, so if you are interested in that project, send Jay your zine and your address. His is 779 Union St., Brooklyn, N Y 11215. He has these DATA SUBMISSION forms which are pretty long (like you could apply to Harvard easier), but..* COMIX FU 2 and DADA TERROR are .50 and a stamp each from me. BABYFAT 54 is .50/st.* Starlen Baxter sent me some hilarious stuff, namely, 100 WORDS FOR PENIS (.75/.39), MUSCLEHEAD COMICS 1 (.50/.39), and DEMOLITION DENTIST (.60/.39). 410 Kimberlite Ct., Lexington, KY 40503.* Seen CHERRY POPTART 2, an ug comic on a par with the Porky movies, a mock Archie by Larry Welz? $2.* Ever notice that the collections are coming out before the originals are sold these days? Last Gasp is doing a book of Crumb's WEIRDO stuff and Fantagraphics is collecting the entire Crumb canon in 10 volumes (and WEIRDO has yet to sell out an issue).* Renegade's WORDSMITH is showing some promise.* NEXT MAN 5 has an ECesque cover, but the innards still remind me of Sat morning cartoons. Next Man is familiar too, anyone else remember THE HUMAN BOMB?* ROBOTECH marches on, and hey, I can't knock technology; I've started to use a Macintosh myself, so this newsletter may start looking different in 1986.* Below is a sample of the work of Tom Nicholson. You can get THE CURSE 1 and 2 for $1.39 ea. 195 Barrington Ave., 7-B, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4C 5M7.* LOUSY PARENTS COMIX 3 is .50/st from Chris Bors, 121 Texas Lane, Ithaca, NY 14850.* I'm still getting comix with no address in them. You have to put the address in the comic, because it always gets separated from the envelope.* I'm still being asked for criticism, too. I don't "critique" much of anything unless I just happen to feel like it when I sit down to type and then it's a whim. You want criticism, ask your art teacher at school or some stranger in the park.* DEADLINE for my next mailing is February 1. If you want me to run your cover, send me a 2x2" stat with your two copies and I will run some if space is available. Happy New Year! C.G.

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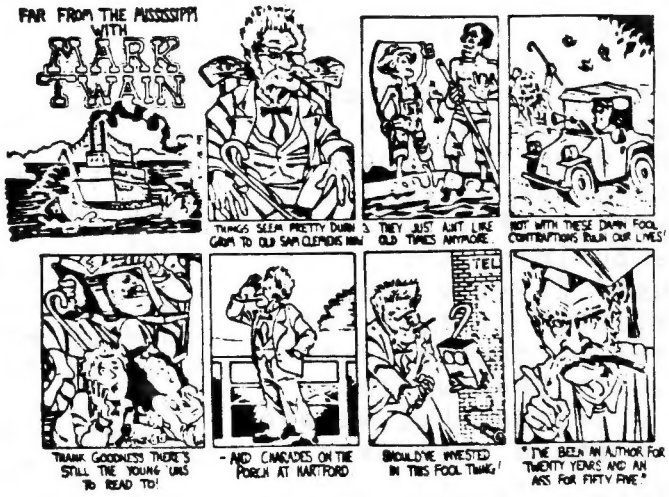
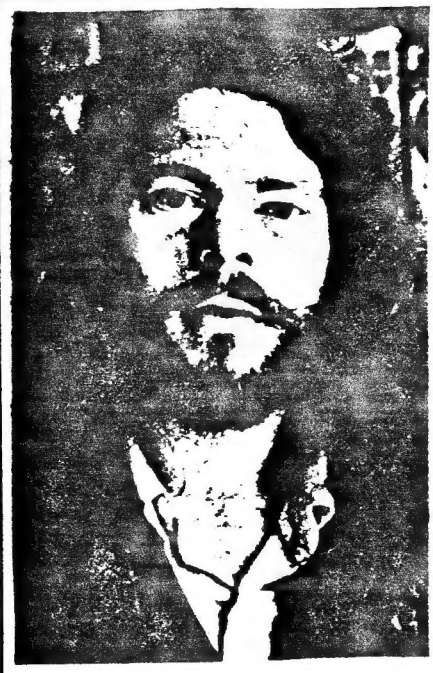
Late: CAPTAIN SAUCER 14 $1.39 pp from Doug Holverson, RR1, Soldier, IA 51572. '86 Calendar $3.2pp.

TWO GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS...

A Night on the Town with Edgar Allan Poe
1- BOSTON. LATE AFTERNOON. POE IS ALREADY HIGHLY INEBRIATED
2- AN INSULT TO A LADY EARNS POE A BLOODY NOSE FROM A PURELY GENTLEMAN
3- SHAKEN BUT UNDAUNTED, HE STAGGERS ON TO THE NEXT PUBLIC HOUSE
4- "HOUSEKEEPER!" SHOUTS POE, "DRINKS FOR THE HOUSE!"
5- THE SCHOOLS SPAWN STUDENTS OF AN UNWITTINGLY POETIC BENT
6- POE TRIES TO CONVINCE A PROSTITUTE THAT SHE IS BEAUTIFUL BUT DISGRACED
7- MIDNIGHT... UNABLE TO SATISFY THE WHORE, POE FALLS INTO A PITIFUL DRUNKEN STUPOR


FAR FROM THE MISSISSIPPI WITH MARK TWAIN
THINGS SEEM PRETTY DUMB GRAY TO OLD SAM CLEMENS HIM
3- THEY JUST AIN'T LIKE OLD TIMES ANYMORE
BOY WITH THESE DAMN FOOL CONTRAPTIONS RUIN OUR LIVES!
THANK GOODNESS THERE'S STILL THE YOUNG 'UNS TO READ TO!
- AND CHARADES ON THE PORCH AT HARTFORD
BROUGHT ME INVESTED IN THIS FOOL THING!
"I'VE BEEN AN AUTHOR FOR TWENTY YEARS AND AN ASS FOR FIFTY FIVE."



ROGER BRAND
(1943-1985)

The first time I saw Roger Brand, he was sitting in the lobby of the Sutter Cinema on Sutter Street in San Francisco. He had some cartoon ads in his hand. We were both waiting to see Arlene Elster. She was one of the bosses and one of the people who came up with the idea for the first Erotic Film Festival which was my reason for stopping by to see her because I had the assignment from ADAM to cover the event. Roger was making some of his eating money by drawing weekly comic strip ads for the Sutter. These were done in two versions, one of them raunchy and suitable for the Berkeley BARB, the other cleaned up for the CHRONICLE. The Sutter was running movies that were called erotic, but which would not even be considered movies by today's x-video sophisticates. Be that as it may, there was a scene there which connected with other scenes like the Underground Cinema out at the Presidio and the amateur shows at the Intersection Coffee House and the Nocturnal Dream Shows at the Palace in North Beach; it was a scene in which many of us played parts during those years, one we took for granted; like all scenes, it's past history now, only memories. Arlene Elster introduced me to Roger that day and we went down that secret passageway, which is, I expect, still there in the building that once housed Charley Low's FORBIDDEN CITY; I can't swear to that because I haven't been up there in a decade, but we went down there that day, shared a joint, and while Arlene told me the hype on the Erotic Film Festival, Roger enlightened me about underground comix, a few of which I had at home, but hadn't really gotten into focus. Roger invited me out to Point Richmond where he was living with his wife, Michele, and one afternoon I dropped in on them. It was a small house, but Roger had the most complete collection of books about comics that I had ever seen and it was evident from his conversation that he had read all of them and knew the history of the medium well. It was Roger talking about the Code of '54 and the E-Cs and the new underground versions of E-C that got me interested in the medium after a long comics dry spell. I wound up doing a story about Roger for ADAM then a follow-up about Joel Beck. I started visiting the publishers and the hub of underground activity, Gary Arlington's out in the Mission. I met the underground artists one by one, did stories about them, tried to stimulate publicity that would get them paying gigs. Roger did his TALES OF SEX AND DEATH and REAL PULP about this time, early seventies, and I saw a lot of those stories through from the basic script to the final inks, getting the dialogue from Roger. I'd see him at the store or talk to him on the phone and when I could I worked in plugs for what he and his friends were doing; I was doing columns for the LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS and for COAST MAGAZINE then and I always needed material. In the late seventies, I lost track of Roger. I knew he had split up with Michele, that she had gone to New York to work for Marvel, that there was a divorce, and I knew that Roger wasn't doing too well, that his inking was shaky (his STAR FORCES work) and that he wasn't happy. The early days when there always seemed to be a spot for one of his stories in an issue of YOUNG LUST or some other underground comic had past and the papers were dead, but I was really shocked that afternoon in December of 1985 when Barry Siegel told me he had just come from Roger's wake, that he had died in Richmond Saturday evening, November 30, of kidney failure. He was at a friend's house watching FORBIDDEN PLANET on t-v. He thought he had the flu. Got up to go to the john during a commercial and died. Roger was 41. So little time. Such a fine talent lost.

-CLAY GEERDES
Dec. 9, 1985
Berkeley, CA.